

Tape created: July 12, 1991

Transcribed: June 2001 by Janet Taylor

Clarissa Minjarez: "Treasures of the Past," that's what they call us. And why is it that I can remember these things so well? Is it because my father told me stories, or because of my grandfather? I can remember them almost word-for-word, although I forget where I laid my glasses. Well, this morning I found a new sixty-minute tape that I didn't even know I had. I haven't had a chance to have anybody take me over yet, hopefully I will within a day or two. So, I thought I'd put a little bit, seeing as how I put that story in about the drowning, if I have time I'd like to tell you. I'd like to take the whole time to tell that because I'd like to tell the testimony that Grandfather gave us when he heard Leona's voice at the last.

But first, I want to explain. I know a lot of these things you're not even interested in. I don't know – they said anything of old past stories, histories, and that, and I have a time seeing them, so I've added some here and I told you if you were interested I'd send you the tape of the drowning because it's been years since I have heard that read, and, of course, I can't see enough to read any more. But, I know there were some mistakes in that. When we went down and made a monument there, because, see, the bodies were never found. We felt like, years afterwards, — now, they weren't blood relation to me, they were Grandfather's first wives, and his sister - (my grandfather).

But there were none of the kids that were in the church or interested much then, after Aunt Ella died, only her. They were in Colorado and we went to several of the children and Olen Timothy was interested, and her children, but Jim and I decided to make a marker. We went down there three times trying to find the place. We couldn't find anybody that remembered the history.

Grandfather had sat and told me. One day when I was about sixteen, one day I was dusting. We had great big enlarged pictures of Leona and Matilda on the wall, with Grandfather in the center. Everybody had enlarged pictures then. I was dusting these pictures and I used to think, "Well, those poor girls were so poor they wore the same dress." They had dresses exactly alike on, and earrings exactly alike. They were half-sisters – I knew that. When I found some pictures, when a cousin came to me who had found some old pictures in the trunk, I recognized them because of the ones we had had on the wall all those years. And I said, "Arly, this is your grandmother and this is her half-sister, Grandfather's other wife that drowned. We don't have Rosella, the sixteen-year-old sister of Grandfather's and we don't have a picture of him, but I do have pictures of the two wives. If you're interested in anything more just let me know. I'm tickled to death to go through all of that old pictures and things and send them."

But anyway, one day I was dusting these pictures with a big feather duster and Grandfather sat in a chair. I said to him, "Grandfather, tell us the story of when your wives drowned, and your sister. You never really sat down and told the story." He sat there kind of quiet, drumming his hands for a few minutes, in this old, big rocker, and then he looked up and he said, "Honey, that was a long time ago." But I said, "I want to hear the story." I went and sat down, still holding the duster, and this is the story I'm going to tell you, that he told me, just almost word-for-word as he told it. So, it's a little different than the newspaper story. When that came out in the newspaper, I was a patient in the tuberculosis hospital. You know that I spent five

years in the tuberculosis hospital, as a patient. After several surgeries, I got out. Anyway, somebody knew that we were the ones that took the marker. When they found it, and the notice came out in the paper that if anyone knew anything about it, that they had found this marker, somebody sent the story to me in the hospital. I was pretty sick at the time and I had Aunt Pearl call Olen Timothy to come up, and she got some of the dates and things, and the story and sent back this story that came back.

Well, she was a little mixed up on some things. She said that they left there when they turned the land over to the Ouray Indians. No, they left before that. Grandfather stayed one winter after the drowning. Samuel took Rebecca, the mother of the sixteen-year-old and the mother-in-law of the two girls that drowned, and he took her up to Vernal right then. I guess he went back and got his things, but she never went back down there. She had buried her mother, her brother, her brother's wife, and her little girl on the plains, and then she had a little girl choke to death on a peach-pit after they came to the valley. Well, she was in Ogden then. And then, when this all happened, in 1881, why, I guess it broke her heart. That was about all she could take, because she was one of those that walked across the plains and went through so much. But, this is the story that he told me, that I'm going to tell you. But first I want to tell you about the Butch Cassidy book. Now, these are things that I remember as my dad told them to me.

In the Daughters of the Pioneers, one time, we had a history on Butch Cassidy. I said, "Why, they don't tell as much as I remember my dad, my Aunt Faith, and my mother and grandfather telling so much about Butch Cassidy, because all of the ranchers loved Butch Cassidy. Although he was an outlaw, he claimed he never killed a person, and I don't think he did. But, anyway, she said, "Why don't you put it on a tape?" This was after Lawson had died. "And bring it back, and let's play it sometime." Well, that went on for a year. They kept at me and kept at me, and one day, just an hour before we were to have a meeting, I looked up and thought I had an hour. The meeting was just here above my house. I thought, "I guess I'll start that story of Butch Cassidy, of what I can remember."

Now this is the story my dad told me, and I know there was truth in most of it. There must have been a little something added, a little something taken away, but I'd heard the stories so many, many, many times. Grandfather Tolliver – I remember well when he was killed. And going in there, and my father lifting me up, and letting me look down in the casket. I still have a picture of him like they take after he was dead, like they used to. But I won't have room to tell all of the other stories if I don't get to work on that. So, if there's anything more you want, that you think – pictures and that – I've got pictures yet of some of them in Brown's Park, but they aren't finished. They had to make negatives off of some. I or some of the kids or somebody took the negatives. Then I'll send them as soon as I get them. But I've told you about Grandfather. This is the story that he told, and I know it was exactly the way it happened.

Now, we went up to Logan and found when they sold their homes up in Hyrum, and up in Cache Valley, and through there. That's where they went first, after Grandfather... Well, he was down in Centerville for a long while, and Samuel's place was up in ?, and he had a little carpenter's shop, up there in Logan. We found an old man who had come in on the Campbell line when we were doing research, and he was a school teacher up there. He took us and showed us where Samuel's carpenter shop was. He was a maker of fine furniture. Then he took us over to the old Campbell place, and, oh, it was a beautiful place. It had the most beautiful hay and grain on it, it was just about harvest time. Then we went back to the courthouse and got the old records out, of when they sold their place, and different stories.

Well, the story that Grandfather told, about why they went out to White River, was that they had cattle and they were hunting for land where there was pasture for cattle. They had heard about this here Reservation, and the White River country, and it sounded like wonderful cattle country. There was grass there, there were shade trees, and there was water from the White River. It looked beautiful to them when they went out there. They didn't know about the quicksand. They didn't know the Hard Winter was going to come, and all of those things. Well, they sold their places and went out there. Now, they went out there in – Grandmother tells it here in the story, of when her folks, the Reynoldses, and up to the Daughters of the Pioneers. Go up there. They've still got the old buhrs that my great-grandfather, William Pitt Reynolds, cracked the wheat when they were so hungry there during that Hard Winter. They've got his picture in there. It's still there. We went the last time and saw it. The old buhrs were out, and it tells you the story. Well, Grandfather and them, they sold their places and they moved out there.

Now, they moved out there shortly after the twins were born. Grandfather had married Leona France, and later he married her half-sister, Matilda France. They had the same father. Joseph France had about five or six wives. They had the same father, but different mothers. They both married my grandfather. One was only nineteen when she drowned, and she had had two babies. We found them years later in an old journal of Grandfather's. He said, "We didn't know what was the matter with Matilda's babies. They were fine when they were born; they turned yellow and died in convulsions. I think one lived ten days and one lived about two weeks." I went later and found the records, and, oh, I've done a lot of research when I could see. I found the old Vernal records of those two babies. A little girl and a little boy. And her baby had only been dead about four or five months when she was drowned. The nineteen year-old, Matilda. So, she must have been – I've got pictures of when they went to the temple together, and I said, "Leona went with them. What a broad-minded woman." She was the older wife. She had twins just about six months old when she went with Grandfather and her half-sister Matilda to the Endowment House for them to be married.

Well, then they went down in there and they had these pictures taken when they went to the Endowment House not too long before they moved down into White River. Then Leona had the picture taken of her and her twin sisters. That was Aunt Ella and Aunt Leona, and Aunt Ella is still alive. She's in those pictures we took when we placed the marker down there. She was about nine months old when her mother drowned. The other children – there was Uncle Joad and Aunt Leona, or, Aunt – well, the twins and – Ella and Leona were the twins. Leona was named after her mother. Then there was Uncle Joad and Aunt Lizzie – Elizabeth, and Aunt Dinah that was left.

We asked them, "What do you remember about when your mother drowned?" The only thing they could remember, they said, was that they heard a lot of noise and they ran up. They had all gone down to the river, the two grandmothers were each holding a twin, Leona's mother-in-law and Matilda's mother. They were each holding a baby and they said they were all on the bank and the women were screaming and crying and the cowboys were hollering and the cows were bellowing and that's all they remember. Of course, they had not seen their mother go down to the water on that raft, which was a good thing, I guess they'd always remember that because they still remembered the excitement when they got up there. Leona left five little children, twin babies about nine months old, and the other three that remembered hearing the excitement.

Now I'm going to go back and try and remember the story as Grandfather told it to me that day. As I had said to him, "Grandfather, tell me about when your wives drowned." Quite

often you'd hear Grandmother talk about Leona. I know one time she got mad at Grandfather, and she said, "Well, I'll just tell you something: when we get on the other side they can have Joseph – Leona can have Joseph, but she can't have the kids." Of course, Grandmother took the kids before she was married, during the Hard Winter, when they went up to Reynolds's house to live, why, she'd had the babies and she was so attached to the babies that the children were just like her own. She only had three of her own. She had four, but little Bertie died. And he was buried over there in the park that first winter and then they brought him back to Vernal when it got so they could get him out. Brown's Park. He was buried right over there. Well, now, I'm going back to Grandfather's story. As usual, I've mixed things up, so you'll try and straighten them out, I hope.

Grandfather said that they had sold their place and went down there. The twins were just about six months old, so it must have been just about the time that picture was taken. I've got those pictures, and plenty of them, if you'd like some of them. But, I don't know if you'd ever use any of them or be interested in this part of the story or not. But they went down there. He built two cabins. He said he had a cabin for each wife. They were on one side of the river, all close together.

Now, there were some Darlings that went down, there were some Timothys that went down, and the Campbells, and then there were the Fishers. The Fishers were Matilda's mother and she'd married the second time. She had left France after they'd got across the plains. She buried all her children but one on the plains – Matilda's mother. And then she got a divorce from him and she married this Fisher, and she was down there with him when this all happened.

Grandfather said that they needed supplies. It was in June and the early spring, they were in the spring of — they went down there somewhere around 1879 and 1880, according to when we found the sale of their place. He had a cabin for each, and then the Samuels built a cabin and Timothys had built a cabin, and the Darlings. And I suppose the Fishers. I don't know. We found the remains of four or five cabins. The old Indian took and showed us to where they were.

He said he was going up into Vernal, Ashley Valley as they called it then, to get supplies. They needed seed grain and they needed supplies. He had four horses, hooked on a wagon, and one wagon trailing behind. He was going all alone. He said he had such a terrible feeling. This was the fifteenth of June, 1880. Or, it was 1881, I guess, because they went down there in 1880. I'd have to look at the records. You can see. But, he said he had such a terrible feeling that morning. He said Matilda came up to the cabin to help get breakfast and to fix him a grub box like they used to take, and he said, after he got on the wagons and started out, he got off the wagon.

Now, their cabins were on one side of the river and they had a garden on the other. I never could understand that until I went down there. On the side of the river where the cabins were it was deep down into the water, but over on the other side was a lot of level land where they could get the water out to the gardens. So they planted gardens on the opposite side of the river. They had a raft, a home-made raft that they went over on. I don't remember if they said it was buck-skin or rope. In that tape that came from the *Express*, it said it was a boat but it wasn't, it was a big flat raft. We found some of the old logs and we found the places where the logs had been driven into the banks for them to pull that raft back and forth. The old Indian went and showed us where it was.

But he said, after he got started he got off the wagon and went in and he said, "Now, I don't want you girls getting on that raft and going across the river. You don't need anything from

the garden until I get back. I'll only be a few days. It's high water and dangerous. Don't you do that." Well, then he went on his merry way.

A few minutes after, or a little while after, he went, the two grandmothers came up to Leona's cabin. Some of the other neighbors, too. It seems like they had all gotten together and they said, the grandmothers, Rebecca, said, and so did the others, that the girls never mentioned one thing about Grandfather telling them not to go across to the garden, that it was dangerous. Well, after they had been there a while they decided they wanted something from the garden.

So, they all went down to the riverbank, and the two grandmothers were holding the babies, the other children were playing there in the sand, as they remember them all screaming and that, and there were two or three other women there. The women were there. The men were out in the field, I guess planting and things. There were no men there until they began to scream.

They got on the raft and they went across to the garden all right. They never had a bit of trouble. Now, there were Leona, Matilda, the two wives of Grandfather, and his sixteen-year-old sister Rosella, and there was a little boy, Benny Darling. And you can ask the old-timers in Vernal, they can tell you about Benny Darling. He was a little boy about seven years old, they said, about six or seven, and he was a little retarded. Mentally retarded. And he wanted to go. Well, they had been across that river many times. They weren't scared. So little Benny got on with them. They went over to the garden and they got what they wanted and they were coming back.

They were halfway across the river, right in the middle of the river, the water was high and muddy, and, you know, those days they wore two or three petticoats and heavy long dresses, and anyway, there was a herd of cattle that came from the opposite direction. Now, the cowboys said they never saw the raft. They never saw those women out in the middle of that stream, until they began to push the cattle. Well, the water was high and the cattle didn't want to go in. They fought, but they pushed them into the river, just below where this raft was. They said after they got the cattle in the river they heard the women screaming. I guess the water backed up and made the raft jump around and they heard the women screaming and then they couldn't do anything about it. The cattle were in there, bellowing and they made them go across, and anyway, in all the excitement, these women, all three of the women, drowned. The little boy stayed on the raft. If they'd have stayed on the raft, no doubt they'd all been saved because you know with those heavy skirts and petticoats what would happen. They said they were immediately, the grandmothers saw it, they were immediately swept under the water.

Grandfather told me this story and I can still see the tears rolling down his face as he told it. They said they were immediately swept under the water. They never saw two of the women again, but the cowboys said they did see one and the old Indian said one woman came to the surface and she began to swim. We've always thought it might have been Rosella. She was the youngest and no doubt could swim. And then they could see that she was getting tired. None of the cowboys went in to try and save them. I guess it would have been useless. But they could see this one that was swimming to shore but was getting tired. One of the cowboys took his rope and threw it to her, you know, for her to get a hold of, to help. And the hondo, as they call it, that knot, where they lasso the cattle and that, hit her on the head and she went under and she was never seen again. And none of their bodies were ever found. We never knew whether they washed to the ocean or whether the quicksand took them or not.

Well, I've got to go change my hose, then I'll go on with the story. Paul Harvey will tell the "Rest of the Story."

Now, that was the fifteenth of June, 1881, that they drowned. Well, Grandfather said that he was on his way, of course, to go up to Ashley, to get these supplies. He said he had such a gloomy feeling, all day, he just felt like something terrible was wrong. He said he couldn't imagine what was wrong. That night at dark he stopped to stay for the night. They couldn't get up there with all that in one day then. He said he unhooked his horses and built a campfire and was going to fix him something to eat. He was feeding his horses first, and he was putting their nosebags on and he heard a rider coming just as fast as they could come. He said, "I knew that there was something terribly wrong."

Well, somebody from White River, where they were living, I don't know who it was, he never did say, that came to tell him what had happened, that his two wives and his sister had drowned. So, he got on the horse and went back down to where they were living in White River, and the man, whoever it was that came up, took the wagons and went on up with the supplies. When he got back down there, he said that by that time the men had gotten there and the cowboys had gotten the cows across the river, I don't know where they were taking them. But, anyway, – and which direction they were going! No doubt they were going towards Ashley. But he said the men were there trying to drag the river. Well, you know, they didn't have much to drag with in those days. He said the men helped him, for four or five days they stayed and he said when they'd see a tree that had been washed down and caught they'd go out there and hunt for those bodies.

He said he just didn't know what he was going to do. There he was, left with five little children and the twins were just babies, no doubt they weren't even weaned. They were crying for their mother, and Rebecca, she was so upset, she said, "I can't stay here another night. I just won't stay here at all." So, Samuel put her in a wagon or a buckboard or something and took her up to Ashley.

Grandfather stayed there and they hunted for the bodies. He said for days and days they – I don't know what they did to hunt for the bodies but he said he knew how terrible the quicksand was because by this time he was losing his cattle in the quicksand. If the feed got short and water dropped – well, the water wasn't lower, but the cattle would go out into the streams because there was grass and things growing out there, and then they'd go down in the quicksand. So, he'd lost a lot of his cattle in the quicksand. He knew all about the quicksand by this time.

He said after so many days, the men went back to their crops. His father had taken his mother and all the children and had gone up to Ashley – up to Vernal – and he said, "But I couldn't leave. I knew I had to find out what had happened to my wives. I had to find their bodies. And long after they quit, day after day I went up and down that river. I'd get out the horse and get out in there and see a bunch of trees or branches and things and I'd go and see if their bodies could be caught there. I just knew that I had to find their bodies and lay them to rest. I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep, I couldn't even make myself go back in the cabin. I just would take a quilt and lay there on the bank when I'd get so tired I couldn't see."

They'd come and try and get him to come and eat. They'd bring him food there, and he said, "I'd walk up and down that river trying to find some trace and praying that the Lord would help me find their bodies. At least let me find their bodies. About a week after they'd been gone, and I still hadn't been able to make myself go in the cabin, I got so tired that I laid down on a blanket or something there, and I guess I went to sleep. I don't know, I was so worn out. I heard Leona's voice as plain as I ever heard it." She had a voice that was very quiet and soft, a lot different than mine, wasn't it? But he said, "I heard Leona's voice just as plain as I'd ever heard

it, saying, ‘Joseph, go back and take care of the children. We’re all right. Joseph. Go back and take care of our children. We’re all right.’ ”

He said, “Three times I sat up, expecting to see her standing there, it had all been a dream, it was dark, there was nothing. I knew that I heard Leona’s voice. I knew they were all right, and that terrible load that had been with me all that time just seemed to melt away. All at once I was free. I knew wherever they were, they were all right. I got up and went up to the cabin. That was the first time I’d been able to make myself go into the cabin since she had died.” Of course, his mother had taken the children and gone up to Vernal. She never did go back down. The children, later on, well, after he was gone, Aunt Ella went down there with us, and Uncle Joad said he went down several times after he was a man, but I don’t think they ever went down as children again, down there.

But, anyhow, he went to the cabin. And then he said, “I hooked up.” And by this time the man had come back with the supplies that they needed, and he said, “I hooked up on a wagon and went up into Vernal to see what was happening to my children. I had no idea what I was going to do.” Of course, his mother was broken-hearted. There was her sixteen-year-old daughter that had drowned, and she’d already buried her family, most of it, on the plains, and her little Mary, she was only – well, she wasn’t quite two years old when they buried her on the plains. They had buried little Elizabeth – or Maria – Elizabeth was her name – up in Logan when they were up in through there. She’d choked to death on the first of the peaches that Jonathan Campbell raised there in North Ogden. Then she had buried her whole family. She had gone through there. She’d come across the plains and she was the only one. Her and her mother and her brother and her brother’s wife were the only ones that joined the [LDS] church.

Later I found an old diary of hers where she said, when they were going to the Logan Temple, “While I’m at the temple I must do the work for my sisters.” And she named the sisters. She seemed to have only that one brother that we never found. And she named these sisters and so many aunts and cousins, and later I was able to locate them in Missouri. Cape Guandole, Missouri, was where she was born and her family was, and she joined the church and left them and came across the plains. What a life she had had!

So, Grandfather hooked up and he went on up to Vernal. And see, and by that time Samuel had found a place where they were living and she had the children and, of course, the babies were crying for their mother, and she was a strict.

Mother told me one time, she said, “When we were kids, Mother and Dad would say, ‘We’re going up to Grandma’s.’ ” And it would be a Sunday afternoon, and she’d say, “How many want to go?” And we’d all say, “Which Grandma?” Well, if it was Grandma Reynolds, who was my grandmother’s mother, why, every one of them wanted to go. She’d make gingerbread boys and cookies and put raisins, if they had them, for eyes, and she was always doing things for them, telling them stories. But the other grandma, Grandma Campbell, she had a house that was so neat, and she said we had to sit on chairs and fold our little hands and act like little ladies and gentlemen. So, none of us ever wanted to go to Grandma Campbell’s house. So, I think she must have been even different when she had those children.

So, when Grandfather got up there, he said she was having an awful time. She was grieving for her daughter, of course, and all their things were down there and she said she’d never go back, maybe she was blaming her husband for selling — they had quite a nice home there in Logan – and selling her things and dragging her down there. I don’t know. But the babies cried for their mother. The other children cried for their mother. She said to Grandfather, “I just

can't cope with it. I just can't." So, he said he got to talking to some of the newcomers in there and they said that there was a miller by the name of William – that's before they had made the mill, because they had just got there. Grandmother said she heard the story about this man whose wives had drowned when they were coming across from Heber. They had come in from Heber and Grandfather William Pitt Reynolds had a mill there, and then they had come on and they had heard the story as they were coming in. They came in December in sleds. That's quite a story itself, how many weeks they were coming from Heber into Ashley Valley.

Anyhow, somebody said that William Pitt Reynolds has got a lot of girls up there. Single girls. Maybe you can get one to go and help your mother. So he said he got on a horse and rode up there. Now, that was the first time Grandmother had ever seen him. He went out to the corral and talked to Grandfather Reynolds about one of the girls coming and staying with his mother. He said, "I've got to go back down and see if I can save some of my cattle and get my things out of there, but I can't leave my mother with the children alone." Well, Grandmother was just sixteen years old, a little past sixteen, I guess, anyhow, she said she had -----

SIDE TWO:

Go to the Daughters of the Pioneers. Go up there and see them buhrs out in front and read the story. He was a very homely man. He makes you think of Tom, my Tom. But his picture is in there and I don't know... Melissa was such a pretty little thing, but I don't think her picture is there.

But anyway, she said, "Father, we have plenty of room." And they loved children. "Let me take the children and go back home and take care of them." Well, she said that Grandmother didn't even hesitate. By that time I guess Samuel had gone back down to try and help salvage some of their cattle and things down in White River, and she said, "Well, if it's all right with your mother and father."

So, she went home. I don't know how far apart they were. I know where their cabin was because Mother took us and showed us where the old Samuel Reynolds cabin was. I think he built a new one on that place one time, but it was quite a little ways from Mill Creek. The Reynolds were up on Mill Creek because that's where Grandfather Reynolds made the waterwheel to grind the flour. You know, he had a flour mill there. You can find that history in any of the records. There are a lot of Reynolds relatives, I guess, left there yet. But anyway, she went up and of course her parents said it was all right to bring the children and come up until their father would come home. They didn't know when their father would be home. So, she took the children and moved back up with her parents.

Grandma Campbell, Rebecca, she'd been through so much. I can still see – I don't know, I couldn't understand a lot of her ways, but I can still see what she had been through crossing the plains and losing her little girl on the plains and all those things, and she had several married children who had moved out in Ashley Valley by that time, I think. I know she had. Uncle Ben, I guess, had come out there. Uncle Hebe, I don't think – Hebe had homesteaded on the Reservation. But Aunt Polly was still up in Logan. But there were some of them there. But anyhow, Grandmother took the children and went up to the Reynolds's until their father came home.

I don't know whether that was the Hard Winter, that this piece that I put in speaks of or not, because that would be about 188— Well, they were drowned the fifteenth of June, 1881, and

so that would be that same winter. Now, they say there were two or three hard winters, but I know it was a terrible winter. Whether it was the Hard Winter or not, it was a terrible winter and I've heard them tell so many times of being rationed on their food. They said many of them would have died if they hadn't had William Pitt Reynolds there, he kind of took charge of rationing the food, and then a lot of them, when they had moved in... It seemed like he had a big place. But Grandmother stayed there with the children.

The next spring, about a year after the girls had drowned, why, Grandfather came up to find out, I guess, what was happening to his family. He said he had come up to Vernal and was quite surprised to think his mother didn't have the children. Samuel had come ahead of him, and moved his things up, and Grandfather came up. He had lost most of his cattle. He said between the quicksand and the Hard Winter, he said they had even cut cottonwood trees down for the poor cattle to eat the old dry leaves on them. But most of them had died. He said he didn't have enough cattle to... He had managed to keep his horses alive. So he loaded what few things he had in his wagon, and moved back up to Ashley. Later, they took that land back for the Ouray Indians, but they had gotten out of there before and I think all the other families had, I think during the winter, most of the families. But I'm not sure about that.

But I know that he went back up there and so when he found out his mother didn't have the children, he looked around until he found a house where he could bring his children, or he built one or something. Then he got on a horse and he went up to the Reynolds' to see what was going on there. Well, he went out to the corral, Grandfather and Grandmother said he was out talking to her father, and he said, "I've got to take my children. We've got to get acquainted." By this time they'd almost forgot. Maybe the older ones [remembered], but the babies had forgotten their father. He said, "I've got to get on with my life and I'll take my children."

Well, Grandmother said she was brokenhearted when he was going to take those little children, especially those two babies, because she had had them now a year nearly. But, he took the children. He said she just didn't know what she was going to do. She said she had cried all night, wondering what would happen to the babies. And she said a few days after he had taken the children down there he came back, riding that horse back up to see her father and she said he came into the house. They were in the house, and she said that was the third time she had ever seen him in her life. And she said he came in the house and he said, "Mr. Reynolds, could Clare or one of the girls come to my place and stay with the children for a week or so until they get acquainted with me? I just can't handle them. They cry for you folks."

You know, Grandmother, I guess, and he said, "I'm a stranger to them and my mother – they don't take to her either. I just don't know what I'm going to do. I've got to keep my children." They wanted him to bring them back and he said, "No. We've got to get on with our lives, but if one of the girls could come for just a few weeks, until they get acquainted with me." And he said, "No. My daughter couldn't go down with an unmarried man and stay." I don't know how close it was to Samuel's cabin or anything. But Grandmother said she heard this. She was in the other room. She wasn't in where they were. But her father said, "Absolutely no. I couldn't send a young single girl," (things weren't then like they are now) "down to live with you. You can bring the children back." And he said, "I can't do that. I've got to get acquainted with them."

And of course Aunt Diane and Aunt Lizzie were old enough to... Well, let's see, how old were they? I think Uncle Joad was about five, four or five, when his mother died. So they would be about seven or eight. Maybe Aunt Diane, nine. And, they were able to help him with the

cooking and that, because girls were taught in those days to do those things. Well, he said he got on his horse and rode, started to ride off, and she said, "By cutting through from our place, there was a creek." I guess that was where the old water mill was that cracked the corn for them. But she said, "I went down and I knew that I could catch him as he went by. When he went by, I went out and I said, 'Mr. Campbell, I heard what you said. I love those babies. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you want to marry me, I'll marry you and take care of the children.'"

She said that Grandfather looked like he had been slapped in the face. She had never seen such a look come upon a face in her life. He said, "Well, I'd have to think that over." I guess she was about seventeen then. So, she said, "But I'll marry you to take care of the children, because I love them." She said he rode off and she never dared to tell her father what she had done. She said it went on for three or four days and then one day he came back up and he came in the house. She said they were eating. And he said, "Well, I've come back to talk to your father and take you up on that proposition that you made to me." And her father said, "What proposition?" And then she told him what she had done.

She said, oh, her father was so indignant and mad, he said, "Absolutely not! A young girl that has her whole youth – you're not going to do that, tie yourself down with a family. Do you realize the responsibility?" But she said she hung on, so then he brought the children back up, I guess, because he said he just couldn't. Anyhow, he brought the babies up. I'm not sure – and Uncle Joad. I'm not sure whether he brought the two older girls. They might have stayed there and tried to keep house for him. But she said they were all summer long making quilts and making soap and making clothes. She said they made new clothes for all the children, and making sheets. In those days you made everything. They were getting ready for her and Grandfather to go to the Endowment House to be married.

And that fall they were – Grandmother and Grandfather Reynolds, and Anna and Uncle George, and Aunt Belle and her husband Uncle Pete, and who else? Aunt Ella, she was married by that time, but they never went to the temple. She went to the temple after he died. And then there were several other families. They took all the children, Samuel and Rebecca went, and they took all the children with them. They went out in wagons that fall, to the fall conference, and then they were married in the Endowment House and came back and Grandmother raised those children.

I don't think there was any difference – I know that when Grandmother died, Aunt Ella came out when she was so sick, you know, here in Ogden. She died here in Ogden at my mother's place. She lived with me for a couple of years, then she went down to Mother's place after she had a stroke, because I had to work every day. I had a family and weekends I went to work with him three days. Because Frank was sick. He wasn't able to work by that time. But anyway, after Grandmother died and Aunt Ella, one of the twins, the only one left alive by this time, came out from Denver. And I could tell you a story about her, when her husband finally came into the church. But they came out from Denver – or, she came out from Denver to help Mother with Grandmother. Because they had let her know that Grandmother had had a stroke and was dying. She was there about six weeks, I guess, before Grandmother died.

But when we went to the newspapers, as Mother and I and Aunt Ella went to the newspaper to give the information, and the man turned to her and he said, "Now, you were just one of the stepchildren." You see, she was one of the twins, nine months old when Grandmother took her, and Aunt Ella started to cry, and she said, "She was the only mother I ever knew. I grew up in their home and I never heard that word, 'stepchild.' Never in all the time we were growing

up, there was no difference between us children and the three that she had of her own. And if you put that in the paper, it would break my heart, because she was the only mother I ever knew.” I’ve never forgot that. I can still see Aunt Ella with tears in her eyes.

We used to go out to Denver and see her so much, in fact, we went out one trip and we stopped by and visited. I had a daughter that lived in Denver and that day she went and laid down and took a nap in the middle of the day, and when her daughter came home she was dead. So we had seen her in the morning and she was dead when her daughter came home, they said about noon. But I’ve never forgot that. And the other children, as we talked to them, how close they were to her.

Well, I think this here tape must be pretty near done, and I didn’t intend to make that story now, but I’m glad I did. Because you would see all the pictures in there and you’d think there was something wrong. Years later, somebody found that marker and sent a notice in to the *Vernal Express*. I took the *Vernal Express* until I lost my sight. All the years. That’s why I have so many of the stories of the olden days, in the old years. And I can still remember that Crazy Indian. He didn’t die until 1919. But when I was a little girl, people would come out to Brush Creek where my Grandfather’s ranch was, and they’d get in a buckboard and he’d take them over there to see him. They’d get up and walk there, and he always had his head down in his arms, kind of, you know, down. I never saw him raise his head.

Uncle Bob worked for the Indian Agency and he was Grandmother’s brother. He got killed by an Indian, but he worked for the Indian Agency for so many years, and he used to go and he said many a time he’d chopped his hair out of the ice and he’d take and put food down, and he said as many times as he’d put food down, now that’s one thing that says he must have gotten up at night and run rabbits down and that to eat. But Uncle Bob said, “We’d take food over there and put it, but I’ve never seen him eat.” But it would be gone the next day. I think maybe he got up at night and went down to the river and things like that, but I know Uncle Bob told that story.

He was killed by Tabby [Weep] White. But he didn’t mean to kill him. Tabby White was drunk, because he kept saying, after he had shot Uncle Bob, he said, “I’ve killed the best friend I ever had.” He was quarreling with another man, just someone like Gib Workman that I put the pace in for, I don’t know what the trial said, but I know nobody liked him. He was only in prison a few years. See, now, that was Rose’s brother, killed her husband’s father. And Jim Griffin was such a wonderful man, everybody liked him. But anyway, Uncle Bob, they hollered at Bob. He was there where we used to call “Moffett.” That’s where the old Chinaman’s store was. And he was in the saloon or the store, and somebody hollered, “Bob, you’d better get out here. One of your Indians is going to kill a man. He said he went out and he started talking to Tabby, and he said, “Come on, Tabby, give me the gun. Give me the gun.” He said he pointed it at this guy, and Uncle Bob stepped in front of him, thinking he wouldn’t shoot, and I guess his reactions, he was drunk, anyhow, he shot him. He didn’t mean to. He felt bad because Uncle Bob was a good friend to him.

Well, there are a lot of stories I could tell, but this Gib Workman... I said to Jo Griffin who lived here for so many years, and you know, she was kind of rough, if you could remember Jo, and when I found that piece about Gib, I met her in the store one day and I said, “Jo, do you remember anything about your uncle Gib?” And she said, “I know the ----- killed my grandfather.” And I said, “Would you like a copy of the story?” And she said, “Sure.” Of course, Jo is dead now, but I gave her that copy. I never forgot.

But it seemed like Jim Griffin had a sawmill and the men were up there working for him, and they all came down. Now, Frank Odekirk was one that was there, and Orrin Griffin, his son was up there working, and they'd come down weekends. They'd leave one to take care of the mill. And Jim told them, "I'm short on cash. I'll have to go to the bank and arrange for a loan so I can pay you men. Eat your dinners, see your families, and meet me back here at a certain time, in Vernal." Well, they all did, then the men were there. Every one of them saw that happen, they said. I've heard Orrin tell the story and Frank, too. And Gib came out of the saloon drunk, and he said, "I want my money right now." And he began to curse him, and he just shot him, right there in the middle of the street. And so, that was the true story about that.

Well, I started on a story about the drowning of Grandfather's wives and sister, and the settling around White River, but we went down there many, many times trying to find, when we took that marker, where it was. And at that time there was not even a road or anything down there. It was just the sand hills and the ranchers. And once it was high water, we couldn't get over there, and then we couldn't find the spot and we took and then we went to the Trading Post, and we talked to the trader and said, "Inquire and see if there's anybody that knows anything about that." And he notified us a few months later that there was an old Indian, and I'd bet he was up in his nineties, and he said, "He remembers well. He was a little boy and hid in the willows and he saw the women jump off the raft. He saw the cowboys throw the rope and all those things. And he can show you right where the cabins were and where that happened."

We went down there and met him, and he wouldn't give him... We had a new car and we took a truck and a jeep – well, it wasn't what they have for jeeps now, it was a kind of a cut-down. We had three vehicles, anyhow, and it was just sand. There was no road or anything there along the river. We would go and Uncle Shorty said he could find the place. He was sure he could. That was Aunt Ella's husband. And then we had Ron Page and he was sure he could.

Well, when we got down there, I guess things had change and we had a new car, Jim and I, and we were in front, and we had stopped to look around, because the old Indian had stopped and kept pointing down to the river. And Jim said, "Well, he wants us to go down there. I think this is close to the place." And Uncle Shorty and Ron both said, "No, it's up around that next bend. I know where it is. I've been there many a time." Well, anyhow, they tried to start our car and I guess it had vapor-locked. It wouldn't start. They did everything, and the other cars couldn't get out around it, because of the sand, so we decided we'd just have to wait until it cooled off or something, and they decided to walk down to the river.

When they started down to the river, the old Indian got up and he went down to the river, and then he took them and showed them where some of the logs are still there, where the cabins had caved in, and he took them to two or three of the different cabins, then he took them down to where they found an old log that had been driven into the bank and he made them understand that that's where the – he didn't talk much, and we couldn't get him to eat with us, after they had placed the marker there, and oh, we had to carry water right up that hill. We put the marker up on a hill, you know, because we knew the high water would take it out, and he wouldn't get in the car, but he walked back up to the Trading Post.

When we got to the Trading Post, they had bottles of soda water. Oh, we were so tired and hungry, although we took food. But it was the hottest day I think I ever remember being out in. You can tell from the looks of that crowd how hot it was and how tired they were. But that was quite an experience, when the old Indian showed us exactly.

Then after we got down there Ron and Uncle Shorty both – Shorty married Aunt Ella, one of the twins. I was so surprised when I started doing research to find out he had a name. Us kids all, he was a little short man, played the violin, oh boy, could he play the violin, and he would play. We always called him Uncle Shorty. Everybody called him Shorty, and I was so surprised to find out his name was Henry, when I started doing research. He was a Canadian. He came in there from Canada and I did a lot of research on that. Of course, I've seen all those records up at Aunt Ella's. I don't know how active because you lose track of them all, but that was quite an experience.

Well, I don't know what I've left out or what I've said here, but I'm going to mail this tape at the same time as I do the... I don't know when I'll get over there, but Eva said last night, "Maybe I'll drive you over to the post office tomorrow and let you mail those things." And I said, "Well, I'd appreciate it if you did." Then when I found that tape that I still had, maybe she'll stop on the way home at the Radio Shack and let me get some tapes. But I thought maybe you'd be interested in that story, and maybe you'll throw all of these out and won't be interested in any of them. But if you want pictures or anything, when I come back from the Odekirk reunion. That lasts three days and we leave the morning of the ninth and we'll come home the night of the eleventh. I've got rooms at the Far Western Motel there on Highway 40 outside of Roosevelt – just outside of Roosevelt going towards Vernal. There are motels in Duchesne, closer, but none of them have swimming pools. And you know, people with kids nowadays, they have to have a swimming pool or the kids wouldn't go. So, anyhow, I've stayed there for years. Every year. They know me.

Jerilyn said, "When I called to make reservations for your room," she said, "The lady said, 'Oh, I missed you last year.'" They had it in California, the Odekirk reunion. "I've missed your Grandmother so, I wondered how she is. You tell her that she'll get her same room back she's always had." They've always given me a room there close to the office, because she knows I can't see, and downstairs. Renee has rooms reserved there. And oh, there's a lot of them have called, and found out where my room was, because we get together and talk at night, but we go out to Bridgeland during the day and have the meetings and the records and that, and most of them are from a long ways away. They come to the Odekirk reunion. And only the ones that came West are LDS.

We have them from – well, we have a lot that come from Canada, and all of those places, and Michigan, and I just couldn't even stop. They make a big thing of it, and we – they spell all four spellings of the name. Some have the old, original spelling, Ourderkirk, and we go with the more modern spelling, Odekirk. "Old Church" is what it means. Well, I know you're not interested in that, but we'll leave here the morning of the ninth, and I don't suppose I'll go out to my room until that night.

Renee will leave Denver the morning of the ninth and she says she won't go out to Bridgeland that day. She says she's going to have to drive and she'll be too tired. She'll stop at her rooms that night and then Norman's coming down from Saint Mary's and he has rooms reserved there. Jerilyn has a room for the tent. She's going to stay in her pup-tent. They have a regular place built, and they have a hillside where they can put their pup-tent and the kids like that. So they're going to stay one night there on the hillside with their pup-tents, and then the night of the tenth, why, she'll have a room there at the Far West Motel, just out of Roosevelt.

We've all gone. Bill was there last year. Two years ago Flora was there. Oh, I don't know. Tom and Donna will go. I think they're going the morning of the ninth but they're taking a

camper. They won't have rooms out there. They've got a camper. And they haven't got home from Saint Mary's yet. I thought sure they'd be here yesterday. But if they did, they came so late they haven't called me. Well, I know this is about done so I'm going to quit talking and get it ready in case Evert says "I'll take you to the post office."

I think my room's all gone, but I wanted to add, I start to tell one thing and don't finish it. We know what was the matter with Matilda's babies now. I have had so many grandchildren and great-grandchildren with RH, but Bill buried two beautiful little girls from RH blood, before they got so they can change it. Now they can change the blood and save them. Several of my great-grandchildren have had their blood changed. I had one little great-granddaughter that — well, she was a granddaughter, that they changed the blood. That's when they first started. But she didn't make it either. She lived three days and died. But I know just as well as anything, now, when Grandfather put in his own journal, "We didn't know what was wrong with Matilda's babies. They were fine when they were born, they turned yellow and died in convulsions." And how many times I have seen my little grandchildren, all of Bill's children had to have the blood changed, and he lost two and three lived. All but one, Shelley, only had to have it changed once. But that's terrible stuff. Jerilyn's children, several of them, have had to have the blood changed. But now they know what to do.

Well, I don't know, I was going to say, when I turned this back a ways, that I didn't say that they had jumped off the raft, but later on I mentioned it. But that there is — if the women would have stayed on the raft, but they jumped. They said all three of them, Rosella, Leona, and Matilda, jumped and they were just swept right under that raging water at the time.

Well, I am still waiting. I haven't heard from Eva, but I'm going to get this in the envelope. She said last night, "I'll take you to the post office." And if she does, why, then I can get this off. Oh, I hope you're a little interested. If you're not, it's all right. If you still want some of the pictures when I get them from Owens. I called there last night and she said that two bunches have come back, but there's still one that hasn't. But anyway, you're welcome to them.

But I won't do any more now until after the Odekirk reunion because I still am getting some records I have to take, and I make quilts to take over there and they auction them off. Although, we got the Odekirk book all printed, but we're still doing research. They're doing research because they want to know about a progenitor and we're gobbling it up so we can do the temple work. So I don't know who's going to win the race.

They ask a lot of questions about the... there was only one group that came west. That was our line. Isaac came west. And when Norman went back — well, Tom and Donna and Norman, they've been to Holland a time or two, and when Norman went back in New York, he found the graves from 1650 and when Jan Jens came and he found all the graves of those first ones. Great big tombstones that told our history in them. Quite interesting to him, to find the graves of his first progenitors who first came into America. Of course, they came in to New York at that time, and they were up in Cherry Valley, the same place as the Campbells were when they came in from Scotland up into Boston, and then to Cherry Valley. And then part of them comes west and part goes the other direction. But I've done research so many years on all those lines, and now I can't do anything. Well, I'm sure this tape is about done.

Well, I guess as usual, I repeated myself and started with a story and never finished it as I usually do. But I just want to tell you these histories and things are sent as they were told to me, or as I found records on them, and some of them maybe have added some to them, and some

have taken away, but I know the story about Dad's telling about the horse and pony and him and Butch Cassidy is true, because I've heard him tell that so many times and laugh about when he thought his horse had gone to South America. After that picture came out about Butch Cassidy, where he died in South America – he did not. I think I must have told that in with the stories I've told, but he went right back where he was born. I don't know whether I put in that Flora's husband and he were second cousins. They are cousins once removed. When I did the research, that's how I came to rewrite this here history of Butch, what I can remember, because that's in all of them. They talk so much of Butch Cassidy, he was the friend of the ranchers. He did a lot of robbing trains and cattle stealing, and things like that, but he claims he never killed a man and I don't think he did.

Anyhow, the ranchers all said, but this time when we went out, we went up to the old cemetery and I stood there by all the graves. We didn't get over to Mill Ward so I didn't get to William Pitt Reynolds' grave, but I stood there by Grandfather Tolliver's and then I went over to the Campbells', and Samuel Campbell was in the Mormon Battalion. He went back as they started across the plains. You see, his mother and his father and his brother and sister, all died there in Winter Quarters when they got the cholera. He was the oldest and he was just barely eighteen. And they took the smallest children all out in different families and it was years before I was finally able to hunt up all those children, but I finally located them all. This Hyrum that took us up and showed us the places in Logan, his father was one of the children that Mary and I left when they died in Winter Quarters.

But anyway, Samuel was just barely eighteen when they put the smaller children in with different families and he went up with his cousin Jonathan. A lot of the records, they say they were brothers, but they were not brothers. I've got the sheets to prove it. I was years proving that. They were cousins. And then Jonathan went back with the Mormon Battalion. See, all of the Campbell brothers, when the gospel came, did not stay with ours. Some stayed with the Reorganized Church. Later we went back and located the families and the descendants of the families that stayed with the Reorganized Church. And one of them finally came to Utah and joined our church. But anyway, Samuel went with Jonathan and they went back to the Mormon Battalion. He was just eighteen years old.

END OF TAPE.